

The Musical piper, or;
MATHEW MALONE
The Peace-Maker.

25.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

- I. SQUIRE RAYNOLD'S DOWNFALL.
- II. An Answer to SHAWN OUGE A GLANEA.
- III. LIVE AND LOV
- IV. THE GOBLET OF WINE.



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The Musical Piper or, Mathew Malone the peace maker.

I A M a brisk piper from Munster I came,
To please the gay fancy of each comely dame,
Where ever I meet a young damsel alone,
I'll play her a lilt on my *Mathew Malone*.

As I went a walking one morning in May,
The meadows were green and the flowers were gay,
I meet a young damsel near Borrusodrone,
To her I drew nigh with my *Mathew Malone*.

She seem'd much amazed when that I drew near,
But I said fair creature you need never fear,
I mean you no harm tho' we are alone,
But play you a tune of sweet *Mathew Malone*,

With soft melting speeches the maiden did cry,
Your musick kind sir I woul'd willingly try,
I lugg'd out my pipes then she cried oh hone,
And trembling she seiz'd on my *Mathew Malone*.

But when I had ended my musical strain,
She said with a smile can't you try it again,
Your musick's so charming I can not disown.
You've gain'd my ffaection sweet *Mathew Malone*.

Three times I anchord it which pleased her well,
But I being jaded to chatting we fell,
She said for discourse sir I've little or none,
I rather you'd play me sweet *Mathew Malone*.

I being thus banter'd my hautboy I drew,
And into her arms like lightning I flew,
She laugh'd at my folly saying prythee go home,
Your flutes out of order poor *Mathew Malone*.

To hear myself sigh'd I could not well bear,
Then quickly my pipes I did put in repair,
Between wind and water I stuck fast my drone,
My bellows and chanter play'd *Mathew Malone*.

In raptures we roll'd on a bed of green broom,
Her heels on my back they beat time to my tune,
She prest'd me and cry'd with a languishing tone,
I'm lost if you leave me sweet *Mathew Malone*.

The musick being over the damsel did say,
Sweet Mathew my darling you carry the sway,
There's ne'er a musician was ever yet known,
Comp'ring to you and sweet *Mathew Malone*.

Then five yellow Guineas she slip'd in my hand,
And said my dear Mathew it is my demand,
Call often to see me in Borrifodrone,
And never forget to bring *Mathew Malone*.

*Squire Raynold's Downfall or the Sheemore
Tragedy.*

BOTH country and city I pray you draw near,
My tragical dirty you quickly shall hear,
Concerning the Squire which grieves me full sore,
How he was betray'd at the foot of Sheemore.

The 15th, of October the Squire did send,
A letter to Plunkett to be his true friend,
And he wrote a challenge that very same night,
To know if Mc. Keon would be willing to fight.

When that Mc. Keon's the challenge did read,
With dread and vexation their Noses did bleed,
Crying out by false means his life we will take,
Suppose that in Carrick we die at a stake,

Early next morning by dawning of day,
Squire Raynolds and Plunkett both posted away,
To meet the Mc. Keon's but little they knew,
The cruel intention of that blood-thrifty Crew.

The Squire approached them both meek mild and
With hat in hand he did them salute, (mute
But Robert Mc. Keon that blood thirsty dog,
Then shot thro' his forehead a three corner slug,

When that brave Plunkett seen the Squire fall,
With a trembling hand he let fall the ball,
He thought it much better with safety to fly,
Than by the hand of those murdering Mc. Keon's
for to die.

For Peytons and Birchwell's their praise we'll sound
Thro' every part of the nation all round,

*See an acct. of the trial of M^r. Keon published
soon after his execution —*

They hunted those traitors thro' hills groves and dales,
And left them weighty loaded in Carrick Strong Jail.

When the noble Lord 'Clare heard of the sad news,
That the Squire was so murdered he was all confus'd.
The murdering Mc. Keon's he bloodily swore,
Should hang in strong chains on the top of Sheemore.

This mournfull lamentation has left us in grief,
When the poor is in limbo who will grant relief,
May the great God reward him still pray every one,
There is none to act for us since Squire Reynolds
is gone,



and
nute
The answer to SHAWN OUGE A GLANEA.

IT was of a dewy morning when first I
espied my darling,
All in her milking order walking in the
green,
I instantly drew nigh her and hid myself just
by her,
Till this burning flame so affected me,
She's the fairest creature the pride of all
nature,

*Lord Nugent happening to be in Ireland at the time
application was made to him to obtain a pardon
for McKeon.*

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Had I known you so I'd release you long
ago,

As you are so constant to your lovely Ketty,
You are my heart and soul it's you I do adore
None can you exceed in any degree,
Come forward now my dear you need not
fear

This very night I'll make you my wife,
And mistress of my land in this country.

This couple they were wed and laid in
marriage bed,

Such other joy and mirth sure was never seen
Those two loyal lovers discover'd to each
other,

The great grief and sorrow they did undergo

Our parents they were cruel,
On both sides my jewel,
Which caus'd me to shed many a tear,
At length we enjoy pleasure,
Wealth beyond measure,
We'll live in splendour love and unity.

L I V E and L O V E

L I V E and love, enjoy the fair;
Banish sorrow, banish care,

17
Mind not what old dotards say,
Age has had share of play;
But youth's sport begin to day.
From the fruits of sweet delight,
Let no scare-crow virtue fright;
Here, in pleasure's vineyards we,
Rove, like birds, from tree to tree,
Careless, airy, gay, and free.

The GOBLET of WINE.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
And barter all joy for a goblet of wine;
In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But stop and forget her as Bacchus's run.
Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair,
'Tis a folly for spirits like mine to despair;
For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass,
'Tis woman who's charms every rapture impart,
And leads a new spring to the pulse of the heart;
The miser himself (so supreme is her sway,)
Grows a convert to love and resigns her his key.
At the sound of her voice sorrow lifts up her head,
And poverty listens well pleased from her head;
While age in an extacy, hobbling along,
Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.
Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
The largest and deepest that stands on the board;
I'll fill up a bumper and drink to the fair,
'Tis the taste of a lover and pledge it who dare.

F I N I S.

